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RETURN OF PILGRIMS FROM MECCA.

TOWARDS the end of last January, I was sitting in a shop in one of the principal streets of Cairo, watching, for want of better employment, the fluctuating stream of turbans and tarbooshes, that stretched on both hands as far as the eye could reach, when first a distant murmur, then a loud buzz of voices, and presently a shout, a roar, came rolling up the narrow thoroughfare. Some very gratifying intelligence was evidently passing from mouth to mouth. Buying and selling were suspended at once: the conclusion of many a bargain was adjourned: both dealers and customers rose to their feet. And now three men, mounted on dromedaries, made their appearance, moving swiftly down the street: I soon heard them announcing that the caravan of pilgrims from Mecca had arrived at Suez. As messengers of glad tidings, they had pushed on in order to bring letters from those who had survived the privations and dangers of the journey. Long after these men had passed on their way to the citadel, the greatest excitement and agitation continued. In a few hours most of the inhabitants of Cairo were to learn or infer the fate of relations or friends who had been absent for months, and who had either perished in the desert, or were returning, crowned with glory, and encircled by respect, to their homes.

Islamism boasts of many institutions admirably adapted for maintaining its character of unity; and the pilgrimage to Mecca is one of the chief among these. Every year, from every part of the Mohammedan world, a number of men, of all ranks and conditions, repair to the spot where the faith they profess took its rise, and amidst scenes, invested in their eyes with the most sacred associations, work themselves up into a state of enthusiastic devotion, to which perhaps they could never rise under ordinary circumstances. They must arrive at the Holy City in a frame of mind peculiarly susceptible of strong impressions. They have in general encountered great perils by land or sea during the journey: some of them have passed whole months in the horrid solitudes of the desert, exposed to hunger and thirst, fatigue and danger, and kept constantly in mind of the uncertainty of things here below by the deaths which must frequently occur amongst large bodies of men traversing those desolate regions, which no doubt seem to them to have been purposely thrown across the path of the pilgrim to test his zeal, and enhance the merit of his undertaking. Once at Mecca, everything contributes to enhance his enthusiasm; and the consciousness that he has earned the good-will of men—that he will be looked upon with respect and veneration in his own country when he returns—that his influence will be enlarged, and his station exalted—is perhaps equally active with the belief that he has deserved a place in

Paradise, and an unlimited enjoyment of all those pleasures which are promised in a future state of existence to the true believer.

The annual dispersion of men with faith thus invigorated, over the Mohammedan world, must produce a powerful effect. If the pilgrimage were abolished, by general consent, the votaries of the prophet would soon diminish. The tribes and nations who, like the Bedouins, neglect this duty, are far less bigotted, far more indifferent, than those who practise it with unswerving constancy. But it does not seem that the pilgrims derive any considerable enlightenment from their travels. Their object is not to get rid of their prejudices, but to strengthen them. It is true they mingle trade with devotion, and contrive to amass worldly wealth whilst increasing their claims upon heaven. As traders, they come in contact with the inhabitants of the regions they traverse; nevertheless they seem to return home with more confused notions than ever of geography, history, and manners. All they care about is collecting marvellous stories, wherewith to astound their less adventurous countrymen.

When the hubbub had subsided, I entered into conversation with the shopkeeper on the subject of the pilgrimage, on which he had great pleasure in talking. As usual with Moslems, my friend avoided any allusion to the religious part of the procession, as not likely to interest me, and dwelt only on what may be called the secular view. He told me that the chief courier, whom I had seen pass, made a good thing of his trip; it being his privilege to bear the news to the pacha, and the great officers of the court, as well as to all people of position. Every visit he makes produces a present. As to the large packet of letters he carries addressed to minor people, he sells them at so much a hundred to any speculative men who may undertake to distribute them on the chance of a reward.

It is customary for the walls round the doorways and shop-fronts of the pilgrims who return in safety to be painted in bright colours with all sorts of fantastic figures, of flowers, animals, and even men, despite the prohibition of the prophet. It is common now to see steamboats among these representations, which are supposed to indicate the extraordinary objects witnessed by the returning traveller during his absence. There is a good deal of competition among the rude decorators, each seeming to vie with the other in producing the most fantastic and uncouth designs. They succeed at anyrate in giving a lively aspect to many of the streets.

Though many of the pilgrims leave their last camping-ground almost immediately on their arrival, and effect their entry at night, the great body wait till morning. I went out a little after sunrise, and found the streets already completely occupied by the procession. It was an animating scene. Immense crowds of people, in holiday

costume, were pouring towards all the eastern gates; some merely as spectators, others to meet their long-expected friends or relatives. Every now and then numbers of men bearing flags, or a band of music energetically playing, would pass, on their way to greet some particular pilgrim; whilst the uninterrupted line of camels, bearing gaudy litters of every description, slowly made its way in an opposite direction. On issuing from the Gate of Victory, I obtained a splendid view over the country. To the left were suburbs and palm-groves, in front was the desert, to the right rose the Red Mountain and the precipitous sides of Mokattam. The procession, with which an immense number of banner-bearers mingled, had divided into three or four columns, each directing itself towards one of the gates; whilst the intermediate spaces, and the slopes of the mounds that rose here and there, were filled up by groups of men and women, many of them evidently on the look-out for some well-known face. It frequently happens that the returning pilgrim neglects to write, and therefore, unless positive information has been received to the contrary, his family always goes out to meet him. Disappointment often awaits it; and every now and then, as I proceeded, I could hear shrill shrieks of sorrow rising in various directions. The women, on receiving intelligence of the death of a relative, return with loud wailings towards the city, tearing their clothes, and exhibiting other signs of grief; in strange contrast with the boisterous merriment, the exuberant delight of others. It is a curious picture of human life, with all its bustle and all its vicissitudes; all its triumphs and all its disappointments, its splendours and its miseries, its joys and its anguish. The drums, and the tambourines, and the pipes, the singing and the shouting, in vain competed with the voice of lamentation, which ever and anon pierced the air, and told how many hearts were ready to break amidst that scene of gaiety and rejoicing!

There was little variety to be observed in the procession. After I had seen forty or fifty camels go by, every one that passed was a counterpart of one that had preceded. The litters, which often hold several people, are in general either square or arched, and supported on two large trunks made fast to the animal's sides. Some few of the wealthier people had *tachterwans* carried by two camels; one in front, the other behind. A great many women were to be observed peeping forth from these litters; which, as I have intimated, are commonly very gaudy, being covered with red, yellow, or blue cloth. Several of the pilgrims rode on asses, which were often stained with *henna*, as were indeed numbers of the camels, in order to show that they had been to Mecca.

I found the emir, or chief of the caravan, encamped at the Haswah, along with the escort of four hundred irregular Arnaout cavalry, sent by the pacha. The tents scattered here and there, the horses picketed close at hand, the long spears, ornamented near the top with great tufts of wool stuck up near them, the savage-looking Arnaouts lolling about, produced altogether a very picturesque effect. The Haswah is a place situated in the desert about a mile and a-half north-east of Cairo. Several fine ruined mausolea dot its surface; and in the distance may be seen, over the undulating ground, the summits of those still splendid buildings called the Tombs of the Caliphs. On a little mound near the emir's tent was the mahmal, some account of which I may as well give at once.

The mahmal is an emblem of sovereign power, a representative of the government of Egypt, which every year, therefore, is supposed to make the pilgrimage to Mecca. Six hundred years ago, Sultan Saleh, surnamed The Light of Faith, married Fatmeh, a beautiful Circassian slave, who, on his death, and that of his son, succeeded in ascending the throne of Egypt, and reigned with great magnificence and glory. In order to add a new prestige to her name, she resolved to perform the pilgrimage to the Holy City, and for this purpose caused a litter of a new form to be constructed. Her journey

was performed in safety, and she returned with a character of sanctity. To commemorate this event, every successive year she sent her empty litter with the caravan. Those who followed her upon the throne imitated her example; and at length the mahmal became a necessary adjunct to the pilgrimage. It is now esteemed quite a sacred object, and those who cannot visit the Kaaba itself are almost compensated by touching the mahmal on its return, and gazing at the representation of the holy place embroidered on its front.

A small company of the pacha's regular infantry were placed as a guard over the litter, which was covered with a rough cloth. It was nearly square, with a pyramidal top; and even when I saw it uncovered the next day, presented a very mean appearance. The frame was of common wood, and inside I saw an old box. With surprising toleration, the soldiers on guard allowed us to approach quite near, and even lifted up the cover that we might see the interior. I asked what the box contained, and received an evasive answer; but it was opened for us to look in. I could distinguish nothing but something like a carpet, possibly a piece of the *kiswah*, or covering of the Kaaba (with which the mahmal is often confounded by travellers), or perhaps the *bur'a*, or veil sent to hang before the door. The latter supposition is founded on a fact mentioned by the most correct writer on Egyptian manners—namely, that the custom of sending the veil originated with the same queen who instituted the ceremony of the mahmal, and that the people call it the veil of Our Lady Fatmeh. I am aware that the same writer states that the litter contains nothing; but when he went to see it, bigotry was very strong, and to look inside was out of the question. A French artist, who went with me, was allowed even to make a sketch of it. This was on the second day, when the outer covering was removed, and immense crowds were gathering round, and working themselves up into a state of religious enthusiasm.

There being nothing more to see, I returned slowly towards the city. On my way I observed a crowd collected round one of the ruined mausolea, and alighting, pushed my way in. I found that an old gentleman had selected with great good taste the splendid dome as a protection for his *harem*; and the crowd around was composed of his friends and relatives, waiting with music and banners to conduct him in triumph to his home. Luckily the ladies were in the act of mounting their donkeys, and the old gentleman had bestridden his mule, before my presence, so great was the excitement, attracted any attention. I was then good-humouredly informed that I had committed an indiscretion, and requested to withdraw, which I did with divers apologies.

On entering the gate, I found the streets still crowded with spectators and the remnant of the procession. Every shop was shut, and on all possible places women and children were crowded to see the sight. Presently a tremendous din of drums and hautboys was heard approaching from behind, and an immense mass of excited Moslems came rushing in various directions; so that I was thrust up into a corner, and very nearly knocked down and trampled under foot. It turned out that a pilgrim of especial sanctity—a great sheik—was making his triumphal entry, surrounded by a huge band of bigots, waving broad red and green banners, shouting, and drumming, and piping. Every one seemed anxious to see this man pass; and the affluence of spectators was so great in the narrow crooked street, that the procession was compelled to stop at every few steps. This was the only occasion on which anything like the intolerance for which Moslems are so famous was exhibited. A single stone was flung at me, and struck me in the side; but several bystanders, who saw what happened, expressed their disapprobation of the action, whilst the followers of the sheik passed by in gloomy silence. I must not forget, however, that a furious little old woman attacked me with her tongue during the whole time the procession was defiling by, calling

me a dog, a miscreant, a hog, a Jew, and a Christian; and at length worked herself up to such a pitch of fury, that she said she would strike me on the mouth, and took off her slippers to carry out the threat. Two good-natured dames hereupon interfered, and seizing hold of the old lady, who cursed and swore like *Termagant*, conjured me, 'by my head and eyes,' to get out of her clutches, for that she was a devil. I thanked them for their assistance, and taking their advice, began working my way along the street; but it was a long time before I ceased to hear the volley of imprecations that was sent over the heads of the crowd to my address.

I should have liked to be present at one of the feasts given by one of the returning pilgrims that night, listening to the wonderful stories he related, and to the sage commentaries of his guests, but this was out of the question. It is true that I received an invitation from my *donkey-boy*, who told me that all the 'respectable' *Assinigos* were going to gather at the house of one of the fraternity who had performed the pilgrimage; but this was rather intended as a compliment than anything else, and I was not tempted to disturb their humble festivities by my presence. I may mention that most of the pilgrims bring back a variety of relics as presents to their friends—such as bottles of water of a certain holy well called *Zamzam*, fragments of the *kiawah*, to be used as amulets, &c. A great number, as I have already mentioned, have attended to their commercial interests, and return with bales of *Hejazi* scarfs—sometimes bound round the head in lieu of an ordinary turban—and various Indian manufactures. *Frankincense* and *kohl*—a cosmetic used for painting the borders of the eyes, and thus imparting that lustre for which Oriental women are celebrated—form important articles of Arabian commerce.

The next morning I was again out early at the *Haswah*. Every position from which a view could be commanded was already occupied, especially the sides of the mounds that line the first portion of the road, the cemetery that extends beneath the walls in the direction of the Tombs of the Caliphs, and the house-tops of the suburb on the left. A heavy damp mist at first covered the country, and gave it a cheerless aspect. At the *Haswah* I found large crowds assembled round the mahmal, now uncovered. A considerable detachment of the pacha's regular infantry, in their slovenly white uniforms and red tarbooshes, was drawn up close by; whilst the *Arnaut* cavalry were either galloping up and down the plain, showing off their horsemanship, and brandishing their long quivering spears, or lying lazily about, waiting the order to march. A good deal of delay took place. Probably the emir thought it propitious to wait for the appearance of the sun from behind the veil of mist, which soon, indeed, impelled by a slight north wind, went rolling away towards the range of *Mokattam*. The dazzling desert, with its long majestic slopes; the promontories of cultivated land; the white palaces; the ruined tombs; the tapering palms; the domes, and minarets, and ramparts of the city; the giant walls of the distant citadel, with its enormous mosque, revealed themselves at once to the eye; whilst the flanks and gorges of the mountains remained long encumbered with gloomy clouds.

By the side of the sacred litter knelt a camel, which is looked upon with great respect by the people, on account of the following story:—Three years ago, it is said, the animal which bore the mahmal fell down in the desert, and died. This was an unexampled occurrence, and caused a mighty perplexity. The emir did not like to elevate one of the ordinary beasts of burden to the honourable post thus left vacant. A halt took place: but much time would have been spent in useless discussions, had not a wild camel suddenly appeared in the distance, hastening to put itself, of its own free-will, at the disposition of the emir! So remarkable a circumstance caused a deviation from the usual custom, according to which a fresh camel is chosen every time;

and the fine animal I now witnessed—which had probably strayed from a Bedouin encampment—had already three times performed the pilgrimage to Mecca. I may mention that the Arabs say—I believe without foundation—that seven mahmals, from seven sovereign princes, are yearly sent to the Holy City, and that there is always a race between the camels which shall first enter the temple. Fortune never fails to give the victory to the Egyptian.

The striking up simultaneously of a European and a native tune by two rival bands—the gathering of the escort, and the rush of the crowd to line the road—announced that the procession was about to commence. I hastened to return, and take up a position near the gate, from which I could obtain a view down the whole of the little defile by which the mahmal was to approach. The people seemed extremely anxious and excited, especially the women, and devotional exclamations resounded on all sides. At length the burnished instruments and glittering bayonets of the *Nizam* made their appearance, clearing their way through the agitated crowd, and the mahmal, swinging slowly from side to side with the step of the camel, followed close behind. As it advanced, the shouting became vehement and enthusiastic, and there was a general rush of those who occupied the foremost ranks to touch the sacred object. Most of those who could not get sufficiently near to lay their hands on the litter, raised them in the air, as if invoking a blessing.

Immediately behind the mahmal rode the *Sheik-el-Gamel*, or *Sheik* of the Camel, one of the remarkable characters of the procession. He seemed a man of about sixty years of age, strongly built, and covered with hair. A pair of drawers was his only article of clothing. His head was bare and bald, and he kept rolling it from side to side in a most painful manner. He accompanies the caravan during its whole journey; and from the time he leaves Cairo until he returns, never once ceases to revolve his head. What a state his brain must be in!

Next followed the emir and his attendants, on gorgeously-caparisoned horses; and then a group of camels, with bright-coloured saddles, decorated with flags. These, it was said, had, during successive years, been the bearers of the mahmal, and had been maintained by the government in idleness ever since. Then came a large band of native music, and the procession was closed by some five or six hundred irregular cavalry, mounted on rough-looking, but sturdy horses, and some armed with spears, others with firelocks. They were a wild-looking, uncouth set, and rode pell-mell, sometimes dashing in among the people, sometimes simulating a charge. As they crowded beneath the sombre arch of the Gate of Victory, whilst the vast crowd behind came precipitating itself from side to side to follow them, they imparted a very picturesque aspect to the scene.

Knowing that it would be useless to follow the procession of the mahmal through the narrow streets of the city, where it is slowly paraded, in order that the greatest possible number of people may behold and touch it, I determined to ride round the walls, and choose a good position at the citadel to see the finale of the ceremony. On my way, I noticed that the clouds were still hanging heavy and thick over the range of *Mokattam*: I never saw them assume so meteoric a character in Egypt. On all the rest of the scene, however, the sun shone brilliantly. After passing the Caliphs' Tombs, and the ruined suburbs in their neighbourhood, we entered by the gate leading to the citadel, and soon reached the lofty platform from which, it is said, the last of the Mamluks took a leap to save his life. Here a kiosk, which was in course of construction for Mohammed Ali—then sinking under the illness which removed him from the government of Egypt—afforded a splendid view over the two large spaces that lie between the foot of the citadel and the town—the *Rumeileh* to the right, and the *Karamaidan* to the left. These spaces are divided by a long row of low buildings

and a gate. Over the first rises that magnificent structure the mosque of Sultan Hassan; whilst the second is surrounded by barracks and public stores. The innumerable minarets of the beehive-like city, with here and there a garden, stretched beyond; then came a broad plain of verdure, streaked by the silvery reaches of the Nile; and in the background, from their unbounded basement of desert, rose in calm grandeur, cleaving the placid bosom of the sky, those mystic monuments, those eternal enigmas, 'the star-pointing Pyramids!'

A rush of voices drew my attention to the great square of Rumeileh, into which, from fifty avenues, a countless multitude—a sea of all bright colours—came pouring. Presently the soldiers, the mahmal—the whole procession, closed by the irregular horse, that came galloping after, as if in pursuit, made its appearance. The Rumeileh was soon traversed, and in the Karamaidan the Nizam formed a vast hollow square close at our feet. I now understood that Abbas Pacha, with all the grandes of Cairo, were sitting in a divan below, waiting to receive the mahmal. The spectacle that followed was curious. The people gathered round in vast crowds: the Arnauts performed their evolutions in the vacant spaces, whilst the camel bearing the mahmal was introduced into the hollow square. The band now struck up the Polka! and to this profane tune did the camel, bearing the sacred litter, move seven times round, each time increasing its speed, until it came to a gallop. A tremendous cheer followed; and then the crowd began to disperse. Great numbers of people, however, followed the mahmal to the gate of the citadel, where I went to meet it. Here the covering, which is the sacred part, was taken off, in order to be conveyed to a small mosque, to be kept in safe custody until wanted at certain periods of the year, when it is paraded about at several religious festivals held in various parts of Egypt, and at length cut up and distributed as relics.

During the process of taking it to pieces, the French artist I have before mentioned made another sketch. It seems this was observed; for when the Sheikh-el-Gamel passed us on his way home, the boy that led his camel called out to him, and said, 'This is the dog that was making a picture of the mahmal!' The sheik glanced at us, gave an extra roll of his head, and replied, 'It is no matter, my son; it is no matter.' And so ends my account of the great event—the Return of the Pilgrims from Mecca.

THE OLD WRITING-MASTER'S HEIRESS.

A STORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

'Draw your hair-strokes lightly, Henri; lean heavily on the down strokes, and round off your capitals bravely. There: very good!' 'Armand, you are not attentive to-day. I can tell you, little boy, your poor mamma, who works so hard to pay for your instruction, cannot afford to have you idling.' 'Now, Jaques, finish your copy, and sign your name with a bold flourish at the end!' So did old Maitre Caillot address his writing class, composed of three ruddy-faced boys, whose coarse habiliments and rough hands showed that they belonged to the lower rank of life. The pupils were seated at a rickety-looking desk, in the scantily-furnished upper room of a house situated in one of the meanest and most obscure suburbs of Paris. The master was a thin man, bent from age, but whose vivid glance and sharp careworn features seemed to tell that the vigour of his mind was unimpaired. While standing behind the boys, and instructing them in the art of penmanship, he would sometimes pause and sigh, and look round at a very young girl who was busy at the earthen stove preparing broad soup for their dinner. She was a fair-haired delicate-looking creature, about fifteen, and small for that age; her little hands were scarcely able to lift the earthen pot, in which she put two thin slices of bread, an onion, a few sweet herbs, a bit of dripping,

some pepper and salt, and then filled it with water. With an effort she placed it over the tiny fire in the stove, and watched and skimmed it as it gradually boiled. She then drew forward a small table, covered it with a coarse clean cloth, and neatly arranged on it two bowls, plates, knives and forks, together with a jug of water, and half a brown loaf. Having finished these arrangements, she took some needlework, and seated herself near the stove. At length the hour of one sounded from a neighbouring church, and the pupils of Maitre Caillot rose from their seats, and with a politeness which children in this country would do well to imitate, bowed respectfully to their teacher, and then to Mademoiselle Louise, before they withdrew. The old man sighed as the last little gray blouse disappeared. 'Three francs a week,' he said, 'are all I can earn by teaching; and yet thou seest, Louise, I take as much pains to improve these little plebeians as when I directed the hand of the king's son.'

M. Caillot's lot had indeed been one of strange vicissitude. The office of writing-master to the royal princes had been for a number of years hereditary in his family. His ancestor had instructed Louis XIV.; and his son, in due course, taught the dauphin; and so on in regular succession, until the disastrous events of the Revolution brought the good Louis XVI. to the scaffold, and consigned his innocent little son to a lingering death. Then M. Caillot lost his office, and very nearly his life. He had saved scarcely anything from the wreck of his possessions, and now lived in great poverty with his granddaughter. She was his only remaining relative, with the exception of an aged female cousin—Madame Thérèse—who lived at the other side of Paris, and whose circumstances were as indigent as his own. Louise was an amiable, affectionate girl; she attended her grandfather, did the household business, and yet found time to earn a few sous by needlework, so as to add to the small pittance which M. Caillot gained by teaching writing to a few of their neighbours' children. He was certainly very poor, and yet there was a circumstance that appeared to Louise very mysterious. Her grandfather, when in a communicative mood, often spoke of a treasure he possessed, and which she should inherit; and on one occasion he showed her a green tin box, carefully locked, which he said contained a precious possession, not available to him, as he could never bring himself to part with it, but which would one day enrich her. This box he always kept cautiously secreted at the head of his bed; and Louise could not help sometimes wondering why grandpapa would not use his treasure, and prevent them suffering so much from poverty; yet fearing to annoy him, she never spoke on the subject, but quietly put her trust in God, humbly hoping that in His good time their circumstances might alter.

A change indeed came, but it was one that filled the tender heart of Louise with sorrow. One day, about six months from the time when our narrative opens, M. Caillot complained of being very ill: a sort of numbness seized his limbs, and he had scarcely strength to reach his bed. Louise immediately warmed water to bathe his feet, and begged the mistress of the house to fetch a doctor. While waiting his arrival, the old man said in a feeble voice, 'Louise.'

'Well, dear grandpapa?'

'Death is approaching, my child. I feel I have not long to live; and but for leaving thee, I should feel quite happy. I leave thee, my child, in the midst of a dangerous world, yet I feel assured the goodness of God will never forsake thee as long as thou continuest to keep His commandments. I have very little to give thee: the sale of the furniture will do little more than pay the rent; and my other possessions, with one exception, are of trifling value. Give me the tin box at the head of the bed.' Louise did so; and the old man put a small key of curious workmanship into her hand. 'Try, Louise,' he said, 'to earn your livelihood by

honest industry; but if your resources fail, then open this box, dispose of its contents, and they will bring you a sum of money. They are'— But here his voice failed, his breathing became laboured, and pressing once more the hand of his beloved child, he expired just as the physician and the landlady entered the room. The former, seeing that all was over, immediately withdrew, and the latter busied herself in performing the last sad offices for the dead. As to poor Louise, she was stupified with grief; and it was not until the funeral was over, and she found herself alone, that she was able to rouse herself, and consider her situation.

The door opened, and her landlady, Madame Duval, entered. 'Well, Mademoiselle Louise,' she said, 'I am come to ask what you intend to do? Has your grandfather left any money?'

'No, madame, nothing but one five-franc piece and a few sous. But perhaps you will have the kindness to put me in the way of disposing of the furniture, which will, I hope, pay your rent and the other expenses?'

'It will hardly do that,' said the landlady, casting a scornful glance around. 'And then pray how are you to live?'

'I can work neatly, madame; and I hope you will kindly allow me to remain with you, while I try to procure employment.'

'Oh, if that's all you have to depend on,' cried the landlady, 'I promise you I cannot afford to keep you here. Why, child, in these hard times a young creature like you could not earn enough to keep you from starving, and then how am I to be paid for your lodging?'

'You need not fear, madame,' said Louise a little proudly, 'that I shall be a burden to you. Though dear grandpapa did not leave me money, he told me he left me a "treasure" in this tin box; but I am not to open it until I am really in want.'

'Oh, that alters the case,' said the woman. 'Of course, my dear Mademoiselle Louise, I shall be most happy to have you here; indeed I was only jesting when I spoke of sending you away. But wont you open the box now? I'm sure you must be anxious to see what it contains.'

'No, madame,' said Louise firmly; 'I must obey grandpapa's wishes, and not open it unless I fail to earn a livelihood by work.'

'As you please, my dear child; as you please,' replied Madame Duval. But she thought to herself, 'She is an oddity, like her old grandfather: I must humour her for the present, and keep her here, so that I shall secure my share of the treasure.'

In pursuance of this plan, the landlady lavished fond words and caresses on Louise: she invited her to eat with herself, and took care to provide some little delicacy for dinner. She disposed of the furniture to the best advantage; and after having satisfied all claims, presented Louise with three francs, saying—'See, my dear, how well it is for you to have an attached friend to manage your little affairs: if less carefully disposed of, your furniture would not have brought half the sum.'

Louise was a gentle, well-principled girl; but she was young, and the pernicious flattery and indulgence of her false friend soon produced an evil effect on her mind. She indeed fell speedily into idle habits. She procured some work from a neighbouring shop, but the remuneration was very small; and she often thought, as she held her needle with a listless hand—'How tiresome it is to work so long for a few sous: I really think I might open grandpapa's box, and enjoy what he has left me!'

It happened one day that Louise saw a very pretty bonnet in a milliner's window; it seemed as if it would exactly fit her, and she inquired the price. 'Fifteen francs,' the milliner said. 'Very cheap, indeed too cheap; but it would become mademoiselle so much, that she would let her have it at first cost.'

Louise looked and hesitated. Her conscience whispered, 'You have not got the money; and even if you had, fifteen francs could be better spent than in gratifying vanity.' 'But the bonnet is so pretty,' she thought again; 'and I can open grandpapa's box to-night, and then I shall be so rich, that fifteen francs will seem a trifle.' Conscience was silenced, though not satisfied; and Louise returned to the house of Madame Duval. They sat down to dinner; but the young girl felt so agitated that she could not eat.

'Madame,' she said at last, 'I think I will open the box to-night. You know I have tried to work, and could earn but little, and 'tis right that I should repay you for your kindness.'

At these words the landlady embraced her. 'Oh, my dear child,' she said, 'you know I love you so much, that I would gladly have you here without any payment. But come, where is the key? Let us look at your treasure.'

Louise produced the key, unlocked the box, and raised the cover. Madame Duval thrust in her eager hand, and drew forth—what?—a bundle of manuscripts carefully tied up. They were evidently written by juvenile hands, and looked, indeed, like schoolboys' copy-books. The landlady and Louise looked carefully through them, hoping they might contain bank-notes, or some paper of value; but when nothing of the kind appeared, the rage of Madame Duval knew no bounds. She accused M. Caillot and his granddaughter of being impostors, and even threatened the poor girl with being sent to prison.

Louise was quite stunned by her misfortune, and could scarcely find words to implore the compassion of her cruel landlady. At length, having exhausted her anger in various abusive epithets, Madame Duval stripped the poor child of everything she possessed, leaving her nothing but a few ragged garments to cover her, and then turned her out of doors, to seek a shelter where she could.

Night was fast approaching, and Louise found herself in a dreadful situation: sent at such an hour to wander, penniless and half naked, through the streets of Paris. When Madame Duval was closing the door, Louise ventured to ask her for the fatal tin box.

'No,' replied she, 'that may be worth a few sous, so I shall keep it; but if you wish for the trumpery papers in it, you may have them, as a precious souvenir of your thievish old grandfather.' So saying, the cruel woman threw her the carefully-tied-up manuscripts, and then shut the door.

The heart of Louise was humbled; she felt no inclination to return railing for railing. 'I have deserved this misfortune,' she thought; 'it comes as the just punishment of my idle selfishness. May God protect me, and enable me to act better in future!' After a short but fervent prayer, her mind felt calmed, and she bethought herself of the aged cousin of her grandfather, Madame Thérèse. 'I will go to her,' she said, 'and ask her to let me share her lodging; and perhaps, by working hard, I may contribute to her support as well as my own.' Holding her grandfather's papers carefully in her hand, she set out. The humble lodging of Madame Thérèse was situated in an obscure suburb, and Louise had some difficulty in finding it out. At length a good-natured shoemaker, living in the same street, directed her to the door, and the young girl knocked gently.

'Come in,' said a feeble voice. Louise entered.

The room was small, but very clean: a bed, covered with a white quilt, occupied one corner, and a cupboard another; at the side was a small earthen stove, in which a few sticks were burning, and two or three chairs and a table completed the furniture of the apartment. Madame Thérèse was seated on a low stool near the stove: her dress, though humble, was very clean, and her gray hair, drawn tightly under a muslin cap, gave a venerable air to her wrinkled features. She had been for many years so crippled by rheumatism, as to be unable to walk; but her hands being free from

the disease, she was constantly employed in knitting, and thus gained a scanty subsistence. Yet often in the cold dark days of winter the poor widow would have perished but for the timely assistance of a few charitable neighbours, who, out of their own small supply, used to bring her little presents of soup, bread, and firing. It was now four years since she had seen Louise, her own infirmities, and those of M. Caillot, having prevented their meeting: indeed so secluded was her life, that she did not even know of her cousin's death, and was therefore much surprised both at seeing Louise, and hearing all she had to tell.

Encouraged by the maternal kindness with which she was received, the young girl made a frank confession of her errors, and concluded by saying—'Now, dear madame, if you will allow me to share your room, I will try, with the blessing of God, to be some comfort and assistance to you. I am young and strong; and indeed I will try to work hard.'

'You are welcome, my dear child,' replied Madame Thérèse: 'while God spares me, we will never part; indeed I feel assured that He has sent you to me, and that all our misfortunes, if borne with cheerful resignation, will prove for our real good.'

She then set herself busily to prepare some bread soup, and when it was ready, pressed Louise affectionately to partake of it. Afterwards she made her share her clean hard bed; and the young girl, happy to have found so truly good a friend, slumbered peacefully till morning.

When Louise awoke, she set herself to consider her present situation, and resolved to leave nothing undone that might contribute to her cousin's comfort. Accordingly, having dressed herself, she assisted Madame Thérèse in putting on her clothes, and then arranged the room neatly, while the old lady prepared breakfast.

'How handy and useful you are, my child!'

'Oh, aunt—will you allow me to call you aunt?—I was always accustomed to attend dear grandpapa, and shall be glad to do the same for you.'

Their light meal over, Louise asked her aunt, as she now called her, to look up in the cupboard her grandfather's manuscripts; for although she could see no intrinsic value in them, yet, as a memento of him, she prized them.

The old lady looked at them. 'I am a poor scholar,' she said; 'but certainly these papers appear to me like a schoolboy's scribbling. I cannot think why my poor cousin called them a treasure. However, for his sake we will put them up carefully, and I certainly feel indebted to them for bringing you to me.'

Madame Thérèse then lent Louise a cloak with which to cover her shabby garments, and directed her to a large haberdasher's shop, where she might succeed in gaining employment.

It was situated in one of the busiest streets of Paris, and a number of gaily-dressed people were purchasing at the counter when Louise entered. Ready-made shirts, blouses, and children's clothes were among the articles sold; and these Louise hoped to be employed in making. She advanced timidly towards the mistress of the establishment, and said, 'If you please, madame, do you require a workwoman?'

'Not at present,' was the reply; and poor Louise was turning away, when the woman added, 'If you can work well, and on low terms, I may find something for you to do. Have you any one to recommend you?'

'Only my cousin with whom I live.'

'Who is she?'

'Her name is Madame Thérèse Caillot. She lives in a room, No. 27, Rue —; but she cannot come out of doors, for she is disabled by rheumatism.'

The shopkeeper laughed. 'A fine recommendation truly! You don't suppose, child, that in this establishment we trust our work to persons who can give no better reference than you offer?'

The tears stood in the young girl's eyes. 'Good-morning, madame,' she said humbly, and left the shop.

She recollected passing another warehouse of less splendid appearance in the next street, and thither she turned her steps. There had been a heavy fall of rain, and the pavement was muddy. As Louise walked slowly on, she struck her foot against something that jingled; she stooped, and took up what looked like a lump of mud, but felt very heavy. Louise wiped it, and then perceived it was a purse. With some difficulty she opened the clasp, and found it contained twenty gold pieces. What a treasure! Her first feeling was joy; her second, 'This money is not mine; I must seek for the owner, and return it.' She then resolved to take it to Madame Thérèse, and be guided by her advice as to the best means of restoring it. Securing it carefully in the folds of her dress, she entered the second shop, and applied for work. She met with a similar refusal; and with a heavy heart was quitting the shop, when a few words spoken at the counter arrested her attention. An elderly gentleman was purchasing some gloves, and when the parcel was handed to him, he said, 'I fear, madame, I must be in your debt for these until to-morrow, for I have just been so careless as to lose my purse.'

'Ah, monsieur, what a pity! As to the gloves, don't mention them I pray; it will do to pay for them at any time. But how did monsieur lose his purse?'

'I can scarcely tell. I remember taking out my pocket-handkerchief in the street next to this, and probably drew my purse out with it; but I cannot be certain. It was rather a serious loss—twenty Napoleons.'

Louise advanced eagerly—'Monsieur,' she said, 'I believe I have found your purse;' and she handed him the one she had found.

'You are a very honest little girl,' said he; 'this is indeed my purse, which I never expected to see again. And now what shall I give you for finding it?'

'Thank you, monsieur; I do not expect anything.'

'That's no reason why you should not be rewarded. You look poor: tell me where you live?'

Louise replied that she lived with her cousin, an old woman, and was now seeking for work to support them both.

'Madame,' said the gentleman, turning to the mistress of the shop, 'will you, on my recommendation, supply this girl with work. I heard you refuse her just now, as you said she could give you no reference. I think we may both be assured of her honest principles.'

'Certainly, monsieur, I shall have much pleasure in trying her; and if she works well, I shall be able to supply her with pretty constant employment.'

'Now,' said the gentleman, turning to Louise, 'here are four Napoleons for you; they are only the just reward of your honesty. I leave Paris to-morrow with my family, and shall probably be absent for some months, otherwise I would ask my wife to call at your lodging; but on our return, I hope she will be able to see you. Here is a card with my name and address.'

Louise gratefully thanked the kind gentleman, who hastened from the shop; and she then took the materials for a shirt, promising to bring it back finished the next day. What joyful news she had on her return for Madame Thérèse, and how cheerfully did they partake together of their evening meal, to which a salad and a bit of cheese were added, to make a little feast!

Louise continued to work hard and steadily. Winter set in this year with unusual severity, and poor Madame Thérèse became quite disabled. Rheumatism attacked her hands as well as her feet, and rendered her quite unable to work. She suffered dreadful pain at night, which Louise sought tenderly to relieve by rubbing and chafing her limbs. The four Napoleons were gradually expended in providing medicines and nourishing food for the invalid. Taught by adversity, Louise learnt to forget herself, and was never more happy than when ministering to the wants of her aunt. Before the end of February, their money was all spent, and the earnings of Louise, always small, were farther

diminished by the expense of candle-light, and the necessity of giving up much time to attending the invalid. To add to their trials, the young girl's own health began to fail. Loss of rest, constant sitting at her needle, and want of sufficient food, produced their usual effect. She became pale and thin, her breathing was quick, and her appetite failing.

Madame Thérèse became much alarmed about her. One day she remarked her frequently putting her hand on her side, and sighing as if in pain.

'My child,' said the old woman, 'the good gentleman whose purse you found is a physician. I am sure if he knew of your illness, he would do something for you. Will you, then, call at his house to-day, for indeed I feel uneasy about you?'

Louise felt reluctant to go. She feared it would look like begging from one who had already done much for her; but her aunt fearing that her health was seriously affected, managed to satisfy her scruples, and induced her to go.

Nothing but disappointment awaited them. Louise found the house shut up, and the old man who was left in charge of it told her the family were not expected home for two months. She returned sorrowfully to her lodging, and continued with Madame Thérèse to struggle against poverty and illness.

When Dr Leverrier, the loser of the purse, at length returned to Paris, he called to mind the poor little girl, and one day, accompanied by his wife, sought out the humble lodgings of Madame Thérèse. Ascending the dark, narrow staircase, they knocked at the door, and the voice of Madame Thérèse said 'Come in.' They entered. The room, though perfectly clean, looked almost bare; every little article of furniture had by degrees been parted with to meet the necessities of the poor inmates. Louise, whose weakness had considerably increased, was seated on a bundle of straw, which formed their only bed, and her wasted fingers were feebly endeavouring to finish some work which ought to have been returned the day before. So changed was her appearance, that Dr Leverrier could scarcely recognise her; but she knew him, and blushed deeply as she rose and said, 'Aunt, this is the kind gentleman who gave me the money.'

'I am sorry,' said Madame Leverrier, 'to see you look so poorly; but we are come now to do what we can to relieve you, and I hope, please God, you will soon be well.' She then entered into conversation with the old woman, while her husband inquired into Louise's state of health. He found she had no fixed disease, nothing which might not be removed by good food, fresh air, and freedom from toil. These he took care should be secured to her, by giving her aunt a sum of money sufficient for their present necessities, and promising to continue it until both the invalids should be restored.

They then took their leave, followed by the grateful blessings of Louise and her aunt. That evening Madame Leverrier sent them a comfortable bed and blankets, together with a warm gown and shawl for each. How comfortably they slept that night! and how fervently did they bless the goodness of God in sending them such friends!

Dr Leverrier continued frequently to visit them: he used to send Louise out to walk, and sometimes sat with her aunt during her absence. One day he asked the old lady to tell him all the particulars of their history, which she very willingly did. When she mentioned the manuscripts which M. Caillot had bequeathed to his granddaughter as a treasure, and which had proved so useless to her, he became greatly interested. He was a member of several scientific societies, and very fond of antiquarian research; it therefore occurred to him that the papers might possibly possess some value, and he asked anxiously to see them.

'You can have them, and welcome, monsieur,' said Madame Thérèse. 'Louise, poor child, was greatly attached to her grandfather, and for his sake she keeps

them carefully locked up. I will open the cupboard and get them for you.'

Accordingly, she handed Dr Leverrier the bundle tied up with tape. He opened it, and found it to consist of several small parcels. One of them was labelled, 'The writing of his most gracious Majesty Louis XIV., in his eighth year, while instructed by me (Signed) L. CAILLOT.' Dated 1646. Another had a similar superscription, describing it as the writing of the dauphin, the amiable pupil of Fenelon, and grandson to Louis XIV. Then came the first attempts at penmanship of Louis XV. Then the first copy-book of the unhappy Louis XVI. And lastly, tied up and covered with peculiar care, the writing of the little 'Captive King,' Louis XVII. As we mentioned before, the office of writing-master to the royal family had been for many generations hereditary in that of M. Caillot, and these mementos of their princely pupils' progress had been carefully treasured by each of its representatives, and transmitted to his successor. They had all been well off, and therefore none of the family of Caillot had had any temptation to part with these precious relics until they descended to the grandfather of Louise, who yet, in the midst of his poverty, could not bring himself to sell them. He knew that, as antiquarian curiosities, they would fetch a high price, and therefore justly regarded them as forming a provision for Louise. The suddenness of his death prevented his explaining to her in what their value consisted, and, as we have seen, she remained ignorant of it for a long time.

'These are indeed treasures,' said the doctor: 'I know some persons who will gladly purchase them at a high rate. I have no doubt they will bring Louise several thousand francs.'

Just then the young girl entered. Her eye glanced at the rolls of paper spread out on the little deal table.

'Ah,' she said, 'poor grandpapa's manuscripts that he prized so highly! I have often wondered why he valued them so much.'

'Don't wonder any more, my good girl,' replied her friend. 'They are indeed most valuable; and I heartily congratulate you on your good fortune, which I hope and trust you will try to deserve.'

He then explained to her the nature of the papers; and when he mentioned the large sum which he expected they would sell for, Louise clasped her hands and exclaimed, 'Oh, dear aunt, at last I shall be able to make you comfortable!' Then turning to the doctor, 'Dear sir, how can I ever thank you for your kindness!'

It was all she could say; the sudden emotion was too much for her; and Dr Leverrier took his leave, carrying the manuscripts with him, and promising to return as soon as possible.

Two days elapsed, and on the third morning, as Louise was preparing her aunt's breakfast, the doctor entered.

'Good-morning, my friends,' he said; 'I bring you good news. Louise,' he added smiling, 'how many thousand francs do you suppose yourself possessed of?'

'Dear sir, you are jesting! I cannot guess.'

'Well, I will tell you my adventures since we last met, and then you can judge. I have a particular friend, the president of the Society of Antiquaries, and to him I took your manuscripts. He was in ecstasies. "They are invaluable," he said; "quite unique—worth any money! I am not very rich, and yet I would gladly give thirty thousand francs for them." I explained to him the circumstances connected with them, and told him that as I was acting for another, I considered it my duty to obtain the highest possible price for them. He quite agreed with me, and directed me to a brother antiquary of immense wealth, who, he said, would, he was sure, purchase them. Accordingly I took them to Monsieur Lemont (that is his name), and, as I expected, he was delighted with them. He finally offered to pay fifty thousand francs for them, which, considering it the full value for them, I agreed, in your

name, to accept. I have lodged the sum (about L.2000) to your credit in the bank. It will produce you a yearly income of about three thousand francs, and you have now only to consider how to spend it to the best advantage.'

The first impulse of Louise was to kneel down and humbly thank God for his great goodness. She then affectionately embraced her aunt, and turning to Dr Leverrier, 'Oh, sir, how can I thank you!' It was all she could say.

The doctor sat with them for some time, and when Louise became calm, proceeded to discuss her future plans. She was ready to be guided implicitly by him; and his advice was, that she and her aunt should immediately remove to some neat, quiet lodging in the outskirts of Paris, and when settled there, that Louise should apply herself to the cultivation of her mind, in order to become fitted for the new rank in which she was to move.

This judicious counsel was followed, and through the kind offices of the doctor and his lady, Louise and her aunt were speedily established in a nice lodging in the suburbs. The young girl's first care was to provide Madame Thérèse with everything necessary to her comfort; her second, to engage teachers and purchase books for herself. Her efforts at self-improvement were crowned with success. Being now exempt from bodily toil, her health became robust, and she acquired insensibly both polish of manner and refinement of appearance. No one who saw the neatly-dressed venerable old lady walking out, leaning on the arm of an elegant-looking girl, could have recognised Madame Thérèse and Louise as they appeared formerly. Dr Leverrier and his family continued to take the kindest interest in their welfare. He frequently invited them to his house, feeling sure that Louise was a safe and profitable companion for his daughters.

It happened one day that Louise and her aunt were taking an airing with Madame Leverrier. They stopped at a shop to make some purchases, and as they were coming out, an old woman accosted them, begging for alms. She was clothed in rags, and looked miserably poor. Madame Leverrier put a trifle in her hand, and was passing on, when she was surprised to see Louise stop and look eagerly at the beggar woman.

'Can it be!' said the young girl. 'Are you Madame Duval?'

'Yes,' replied she, 'that is my name; but, mademoiselle, how do you know me?'

'I knew you well at one time: have you forgotten Louise Caillot?'

The unhappy woman hid her face with her hands, and said, 'Have pity on me—I am justly punished!'

Louise hastily explained to her friends who it was; and Madame Leverrier having requested the shopkeeper to allow them the use of his parlour for a short time, they caused Madame Duval to come in and explain how she came to be so sadly reduced.

With many expressions of shame and humiliation, the unfortunate woman told them that, by a course of extravagance and idleness, she had gradually become poorer and poorer; until at length everything she possessed was seized for debt, and she was compelled to wander about begging. 'Then,' she said, 'when I found myself a homeless outcast, without a friend, I recollected my cruelty towards you, mademoiselle; and I felt that the just vengeance of God was pursuing me for my sin against an orphan. I thought of all you must have suffered, and I longed to know what had become of you. I am a miserable creature both in mind and body: can you forgive me?'

Louise burst into tears. 'Most freely I forgive you, madame,' she said, 'and will gladly do what I can to assist you.'

She then gave her some money, and having inquired where she lived, promised to send her further assistance. The poor woman seemed ready to embrace her feet with thankfulness, but Louise and her friends hastened away, overcome with various emotions. Louise and her aunt spent that evening at the house of their friends; and when Dr Leverrier came in, his wife told him their morning's adventure. He listened to it with much interest, and asked Louise what she wished to have done for her ancient enemy.

'I should like, sir,' she replied, 'to relieve her wants, and afford her the means of support.'

'Then you have no feeling of enmity towards her? Recollect how badly she treated you.'

The young girl's eyes filled with tears as she looked at him almost reproachfully. It was sufficient answer.

'You are right, my dear child,' said the doctor; 'I spoke only to try you. True greatness of spirit is shown in forgiving an injury, not in returning it; and after all, though she meant it not for good, Madame Duval has been the means of rendering you a real service; for the hard season of adversity you have passed through has been the blessed means of subduing what was evil in your heart, and conferring on you "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."'

MACKAY'S 'WESTERN WORLD.'

Two books of travels in the United States have just come under our notice—one in three volumes by Mr Alexander Mackay,* the other a pocket volume by Mr Archibald Prentice. These works differ not less in external aspect than in the manner in which they are written. That of Mr Mackay consists chiefly of a series of disquisitions on social and political topics, united by a thread of personal narrative; while the small volume of Mr Prentice is a lively description of a tour, and scarcely aspires to be instructive. In the meanwhile, laying the last-mentioned book aside, we propose to confine our attention to Mr Mackay's 'Western World,' which, though tedious in many parts, is far from being without interest. The writer tells us in his preface that, from a residence of some time in the country, he has possessed better opportunities of drawing sound conclusions than travellers of an ordinary class; and as far as we can judge, his views are warranted by the actual and prospective state of society. He would, however, be a very dull person who could travel through the United States without having his sentiments roused on divers matters of social concern, or who would not be impressed with the national greatness that awaits our American brethren.

Mr Mackay begins his observations at Boston, and thence proceeds southwards; each place he visits being a peg whereon to hang a string of observations. New York suggests a disquisition on the commercial policy of the States. At present, a contest rages between the manufacturing and agricultural interests, in reference to free trade; but conversely to that which prevails in Britain. The American agriculturists and cotton growers desire freedom of import and export: the manufacturers alone desire protection; they fear the spindles and looms of Lancashire. What a pity to find such men as Mr Webster and Mr Clay advocating restrictions on trade! In spite of all odds, the free-traders are in the ascendant: the tariff bill of 1846 decided that custom-house duties should be taken only on a revenue basis. Yet that in effect tends to preserve monopoly, and a great modification of duties is contended for. While on this subject, our author refers to the vast injury which America could inflict on England. One is startled by a mere announcement of the fact. The internal peace and prosperity of Great Britain depend on the regular action of the cotton trade. Throw Lancashire and Lanarkshire idle, by stopping the supplies of cotton, and who will say what would be the consequences! For these supplies we are dependent on America. 'This is a dependence,' observes Mr Mackay, 'which

* The Western World, or Travels in the United States in 1846-7. By Alex. Mackay, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law. London: Bentley. 3 vols. 1848.

cannot be contemplated with indifference. As regards the supply of cotton, we are as much at the mercy of America as if we were starving, and to her alone we looked for food. She need not withhold her wheat: America could starve us by withholding her cotton. True, it is as much her interest as ours to act differently; and so long as it continues so, no difficulty will be experienced. But a combination of circumstances may be supposed in which America, at little cost to herself, might strike us an irrecoverable blow: a crisis might arise when, by momentarily crippling our industry, she might push in and deprive us of the markets of the world. And who, should the opportunity arise, will guarantee her forbearance? . . . It is the consciousness of this absolute dependence that induces many to look anxiously elsewhere for the supply of that for which we are now wholly beholden to a rival. The cultivation of cotton in India is no chimera; the time may come when we may find it our safety.' It should have been added, that the late opening of British ports to American corn is the best guarantee against the catastrophe which is feared.

In America all is activity and hopefulness. The possibility of doing great things, striking out new fields of enterprise, causes a universal restlessness. Repose is unknown. In this old country we are at almost every step governed by traditions: we are terrified to do anything which is not sanctioned by the usage of centuries. No man is listened to who has not attained to gray hairs: if he is bald, so much the better. We have another social peculiarity. Politics do not form a quite respectable subject. Criticism of state policy is a kind of half treason. No man is so estimable as he who candidly declares he neither understands nor cares for matters of government. In America all this is different. Old men have there little to say; young men take the upper hand; and politics are not only perfectly respectable, but commendable. 'The American,' says Mr Mackay, 'is from his earliest boyhood inured to politics, and disciplined in political discussion. The young blood of America exercises an immense influence over its destiny. Perhaps it would be better were it otherwise. Frequently are elections carried, in different localities, by the influence exerted on the voters by the active exertions of young men who have as yet no vote themselves. A minor may, and often does, make exciting party speeches, to an assembly composed of men, many of whom might individually be his grandfather.' We should be inclined to say that this is going a little too far. There is a good mid-way in everything.

With something to condemn in their hot political contests, we give the Americans credit for one thing, in which they are clearly our superiors. 'In America there is no volunteering one's services as a representative.' Suitable candidates are brought forward by committees of electors, and no others have a chance of success. Volunteer candidates are called 'stump orators,' and their pretensions are treated only with derision. How much better is this than the beggarly practice which prevails in Great Britain, where candidates condescend to the meanness of seeking votes, and not only so, but of paying for them also—in England by bribes of money, in Scotland by expectancies of situations!

Mr Mackay mentions that few things are more surprising in American society than the sway exerted by young unmarried ladies. With us, a Miss fills a very subordinate social position: she is nobody, and enjoys consideration only through her parents. In the States, 'the mother is invariably eclipsed by her daughters,' who issue invitations, and receive company, as if independent beings. The moment a lady submits to the matrimonial tie, she is laid on the shelf, and soon disappears from general society. 'Whilst the young ladies engross all attention to themselves, the married ones sit neglected in the corners, despite the superiority which they may sometimes possess both in personal charms and mental accomplishments.' Possibly the great demand

for wives is the main cause of this social peculiarity. Our author speaks of the number of society meetings, at which young ladies assist nearly every night in the week. Dorcas societies are particular favourites, as they blend a bit of amusement and gossip with the obligations of charity. 'The ladies of a congregation, married and expectant—the latter generally predominating—meet in rotation at their respective houses at an early hour in the afternoon, sew away industriously by themselves until evening, when the young gentlemen are introduced with the tea and coffee: whereupon work is suspended, and a snug little party is the consequence, characterised by a good deal of flirtation, and closed by prayer: the young men afterwards escorting the young ladies home, and taking leave of them, to meet again next week under the same happy circumstances.' In general society, the conversation is said to be greatly made up of 'dreary commonplaces, jokes, and vapid compliments.' We would hazard the remark, that conversation cannot be more commonplace in America than it is in ninety-nine houses in a hundred throughout England—a talk of furniture, the weather, articles of eating and drinking, the Opera, the last picture exhibition, and the comparative lighting qualities of gas and candles.

Travelling in a railway car between Philadelphia and Baltimore, Mr Mackay witnesses the extent to which Americans carry their antipathy to the unfortunate coloured race. 'At one end of the car in which I was seated sat a young man, very respectably dressed, but who bore in his countenance those traces, almost indelible, which, long after every symptom of the colour has vanished, bespeak the presence of African blood in the veins. The quantity which he possessed could not have been more than 12½ per cent. of his whole blood, tinging his skin with a shade, just visible, and no more. If his face was not as white, it was at all events cleaner than those of many around him. I observed that he became very uneasy every time the conductor came into the car, eyeing him with timid glances, as if in fear of him. Divining the cause of this conduct, I determined to watch the issue, which was not long delayed. By and by the conductor entered the car again, and, as if he had come for the purpose, walked straight up to the poor wretch in question, and without deigning to speak to him, ordered him out with a wave of his finger. The blood in a moment mounted to his temples and suffused his whole face; but resistance was vain; and with a hanging head, and broken-hearted look, he left the carriage. He was not a slave; but not a soul remonstrated, not a whisper was heard in his behalf. The silence of all indicated their approval of this petty manifestation of the tyranny of blood.' Some coarse remarks followed from various persons in the car, commendatory of this odious expulsion. Shocked at what he had seen, our author proceeded to search out the unfortunate young man, whom he found seated in a bare wooden crib, along with about a dozen negroes, who, envious of his white tinge, 'rather rejoiced than otherwise at the treatment he had received.' Mr Mackay states, that on a late occasion the captain of a British steamer on Lake Ontario violently expelled a gentleman of colour from the dinner-table in the cabin, in concession to the prejudice of some Virginians who were present. For this illegal and audacious act he was very properly apprehended on a warrant at Kingston, and had to pay a heavy fine for his officiousness; 'his command being continued to him on condition of his not offending in a similar manner in future.' It is pleasant thus to see British law vindicating the rights of humanity irrespective of race or colour.

Slavery is visibly observed to be a blight wherever it rests. The slaveholding states are palpably retrograding; the non-slaveholding states are rapidly advancing. 'View it whichever way you will,' says Mr Mackay, 'whether as a crime or as a calamity, this institution in the United States invariably carries with it its own retribution. However indispensable it may be to the

wealth and productiveness of some localities, it is a present curse to the land, fraught with a terrible prospective judgment, when we consider the hopelessness of its peaceful removal, and the awful catastrophes to which it will inevitably lead. Where activity and progress are the rule, all that is not advancing assumes the melancholy aspect of retrogression. North Carolina is virtually retrograding. Since 1830, her population has increased but at a very trifling ratio, which is partly to be accounted for by the numbers who annually emigrate from her, as from Virginia and other sea-board states, to the Far West. Her foreign trade, which was never very large, has also of late years been rapidly on the decline, and there is now but little prospect of its ever reviving. She still holds some rank in point of wealth and political importance in the confederation; but every year is detracting from it, and throwing her more and more into the background. She has not only lagged behind most of the original States amongst whom she figured, but has permitted many of the younger members of the Union greatly to outstrip her. Were Virginia freed from slavery, it would become one of the most favourable fields of settlement for emigrants of a wealthy class. As it is, it is, like other slaveholding States, shunned by men of capital and enterprise.

Railways have been already constructed in the United States to the extent of 5700 miles, and 4000 miles are in course of construction. This far exceeds the aggregate length of railways in Great Britain; but the two systems can scarcely be compared. Our lines are generally double; constructed with great care; and are decorated with splendid station-houses and termini: great sums have also been paid for land; and the parliamentary expenses have been enormous. In America the cost of land has been comparatively trifling; the rails are usually of timber, shod with thin slips of iron; the station-houses are wooden booths; and the bridges are also of wood, on an inexpensive scale. By this studying of economy, the railway system has been pushed to great lengths in the States, vastly to the benefit of the more remote regions. When the country is more densely peopled, the lines will of course be improved. At present, although the rate of transit is only from 15 to 20 miles an hour, they answer the purpose of travellers, and make a return of from 5 to 8 per cent. to the shareholders. Much as we admire the elegance and even grandeur of some of our railway termini and other works, we wish, all circumstances considered, that plainer models had been adopted.

On the subject of the Mississippi valley and its productive powers we have some useful particulars. This valley, which is interlaced with 15,000 miles of navigable rivers, and will in time contain a population of a hundred and fifty millions, is capable of furnishing food for the whole of Europe. The soil is generally so fertile and easily cultivated, that a farmer is well remunerated if he gets sixpence a bushel for his wheat. Ten shillings may be assumed as the cost of producing a quarter of wheat in most portions of the prairie land of the valley; and if 20s. be added for cost of transit to England, grain of a fair description at 30s. a quarter may be looked for. At present, from the want of capital, and also from the demand on the spot by a new and growing population, large shipments of wheat cannot be made to Great Britain; but every year the capacity for export will increase, and we have no doubt that ultimately there will be an abundant influx of American wheat at the price stated. From the wheat-growing States on the Atlantic, grain will be exported at a considerable lower rate. Of course facts of this kind will be kept in remembrance by British farmers in renewing their engagements for land.

From Canada, wheat may be transported to Quebec or to New York at about equal rates, the cheaper line of transit, all things considered, being to Quebec. But there the preference ceases. The freight from New York to Liverpool is cheaper than from Montreal or Quebec to Liverpool. So great is the disparity, says

Mr Mackay, that he has known 7s. 6d. sterling asked at Montreal for every barrel of flour to be conveyed to Liverpool, whilst forty cents, or about 1s. 8d., was the ruling freight at New York. Curiously enough, this great difference, which is so injurious to the colonists, arises from nothing else than a wish on the part of Great Britain to benefit the colonies. According to the navigation laws, no vessel but one of British or colonial build can bring goods from a British colony to England; the object of the law being to keep our own trade to ourselves. On this account foreign vessels taking goods to Canada cannot reload with cargoes for England. If the shippers of Montreal had as much wheat on hand for England as would fill ten vessels, and ten empty American ships were lying at the quay, they could not employ them. They would require to wait until British-built vessels came in and were prepared to take the wheat on board; consequently these British-built vessels having a monopoly, would charge a comparatively high price for their services. Such is one of the effects of what are called 'the navigation laws,' for the abolition of which an effort is now about to be made in parliament. 'It frequently happens,' says Mr Mackay, 'that the quays both of Montreal and Quebec are overlaid with produce waiting for exportation, but which remains for weeks on the open wharfs for want of sufficient tonnage to carry it to Europe. . . . It is of this monopoly, and its ruinous consequences, that the Canadian so loudly and so bitterly complains. Such, indeed, is sometimes the want of tonnage in the Canadian seaports, that produce forwarded to tide-water, with a view of being conveyed to Liverpool that season, is not unfrequently detained until the opening of navigation in the following year. The inconvenience of this is great, especially as wheat and flour are perishable commodities, and the exporter loses all the advantages which the English market may in the meantime have offered him. The remedy for this evil is obviously to throw the navigation of the St Lawrence open to the shipping of the world.' What a howl will this proposition raise among the shipowners of Glasgow and Liverpool!

The rapid transmission of news among us has been rather conspicuous since the electric telegraph was put in requisition; but in this department of affairs we are still outdone by our American brethren. 'For some time after the breaking out of the Mexican war, the anxiety to obtain news from the south was intense. There was then no electric telegraph south of Washington, the news had therefore to come to that city from New Orleans through the ordinary mail channels. The strife was between several Baltimore papers for the first use of the telegraph between Washington and Baltimore. The telegraph office was close to the post-office, both being more than a mile from the wharf, at which the mail steamer, after having ascended the Potomac from the Aquia Creek, stopped, and from which the mail bags had to be carried in a wagon to the post-office. The plan adopted by the papers to anticipate each other was this:—Each had an agent on board the steamer, whose duty it was, as she was ascending the river, to obtain all the information that was new, and put it in a succinct form for transmission by telegraph the moment it reached Washington. Having done so, he tied the manuscript to a short heavy stick, which he threw ashore as the boat was making the wharf. On shore each paper had two other agents, one a boy mounted on horseback, and the other a man on foot, ready to catch the stick to which the manuscript was attached the moment it reached the ground. As soon as he got hold of it, he handed it to the boy on horseback, who immediately set off with it at full gallop for the telegraph office. There were frequently five or six thus scrambling for precedence, and as they sometimes all got a good start, the race was a very exciting one. Crowds gathered every evening around the post-office and telegraph office, both to learn the news, and witness the result of the race. The first in secured the telegraph, and in a quarter of an hour afterwards the news

was known at Baltimore, forty miles off, and frequently before the mail was delivered, and it was known even at Washington itself. On an important occasion, one of the agents alluded to as being on board beat his competitors by an expert manoeuvre. He managed, unperceived, to take a bow on board with him, with which, on the arrival of the boat, he shot his manuscript ashore, attached to an arrow, long before his rivals could throw the sticks ashore to which theirs was tied.

Mr Mackay recommends emigration to the United States in the strongest possible terms, and expresses a surprise, in which we unite, that this country should be embarrassed with a redundant population—redundant in reference to existing means of support—while so great and glorious a field of settlement is open for all on such very easy terms. While society in Great Britain seems to be gradually pauperising—while 'what to do with our beggars' is becoming the most urgent of questions, it is pleasant to read the following passages in reference to a contrary state of things in America:—'The most important feature of American society, in connection with its physical condition, is, that competence is the lot of all. No matter to what this is attributable, whether to the extent and resources of the country, or to the nature of its institutions, or to both, such is the case, and one has not to be long in America to discover it. It is extremely seldom that the willing hand in America is in want of employment, whilst the hard-working man has not only a competency on which to live, but, if frugal, may soon save up sufficient to procure for himself in the West a position of still greater comfort and independence. There are paupers in America, but, fortunately, they are very few. They are generally confined to the large towns; nor need they subsist upon charity, if they had the energy to go into the rural districts and seek employment. This, however, is not applicable to the majority of them, who are aged and infirm. It may be laid down as a general rule, without qualification, that none are deprived of competency in America except such as are negligent, idle, or grossly improvident.' Truly, it has been said, America is the paradise of the working-man.

ANCIENT IMPLEMENTS OF POPULAR SPORTS.

AMONG the suburban outskirts of London city, long since swallowed up in the ceaseless progress that converts green fields into *brick-fields*, and brick-fields, with the old rural footpaths they have displaced, into paved streets and squares, some memento of former associations still survives, as a memorial of 'the country' that skirted in olden times the city's northern walls.

Clerkenwell Green still sounds as a strange memento of the days gone by, when its gentle pastures and green slopes lay along the 'River of Wells,' as the 'Fleet Ditch' was then termed, while beyond extended in grassy fields, or still greener morasses, Spitalfields, Moorfields, and Finsbury. Ben Jonson tells us of 'the archers of Finsbury, and the citizens that come a-ducking to Islington Ponds;' and many a sly hit by the wits of James's Court at the Cockney rivalry of Robin Hood's feats, shows that these civic heroes were often sorely galled by lighter sharpshooters than the archers of Finsbury Fields.

Even so early as 1598, Stowe complains of 'the ancient daily exercises in the long-bow by citizens of the City, now almost clearly left off and forsaken;' and subsequent enactments of James I. proved altogether unavailing in preventing the total abandonment of 'the yard-long shaft,' which had proved the safety and honour of England on many a hard-fought field. Just beyond the old site of Moorgate, the Artillery Grounds still preserve a small area rescued from these old archery grounds, for civic feats of mimic war; but a recent chance discovery in the same neighbourhood carries us back to still older sports and pastimes of 'the London 'prentices' in these extra-mural fields.

In the collection of the Society of Antiquaries at

Somerset House, as well as in various private London museums, specimens of ancient bone-skates may be seen, such as in early times, and even, it is believed, to a comparatively recent period, were used by the citizens of London in their favourite winter pastime on the ice. The Serpentine River of former days was an undrained marsh lying outside London wall, at the foot of the long slope by which the endless tide of Paddington and Highgate omnibuses now wend their way to the Angel at Islington. The winter rains accumulated here into a broad and shallow pond, which required no long continuance of frost to convert it into a safe and ample sheet of ice. Towards this the pleasure-seeking crowds of citizens might then be seen jostling one another as they pushed their way through the old Moorgate archway, each carrying in his hands a pair of homely skates, fashioned in most cases of the leg-bone of a horse, with a hole drilled from side to side at the one end, and into the end at the other—the latter probably to receive a peg by which more effectually to secure the cords that fastened it to the foot. These simple skates, dropped from time to time, and buried in the mud and soil, at first occasioned some little perplexity to the antiquaries of London when they revisited the light. It is not unlikely, indeed, that they may have often enough been found and tossed aside before, as mere musty bones, during the constant excavations in the City and its neighbourhood. But now that archaeology has become a science with numerous students and devotees, the barest bone is often found worth picking; and since attention was first directed to the subject, about eight years ago, many such bone-skates have been dug up in various districts around London, and particularly in the immediate neighbourhood of the City.

The examples which we have seen of these rude specimens, illustrative of the antiquity and progressive improvement of one of the most popular and healthful recreations of our northern winters, were dug up, in the year 1839, in Moorfields, near Finsbury Circus, London. Though Moorfields—to use a familiar Cockney pun—are no more fields, the whole area having long since been built over, and laid out in streets and squares, beyond which miles of brick tenements and stone-paving extend between it and the open fields, the ground still exhibits, in the course of any excavations by which it is opened up, distinct evidences of its former character as a bog or marsh; and it will presently appear to what uses it was put so long as it retained this character.

Strutt, in his 'Sports and Pastimes,' while confessing his inability to trace the introduction of skating into this country, refers to evidence of its existence in the thirteenth century; and adds an opinion, which few will be inclined to dispute, that 'probably the invention proceeded rather from necessity than the desire of amusement.' The rudeness of these bone-skates is such as seems to justify the antiquary in assigning to them a very early date: and a curious passage, which occurs in Fitz-Stephen's description of London, enables us to establish their identity with those used in that writer's own time—that is, in the reign of Henry II., 1151–1189. Fitz-Stephen, in describing the sports of the citizens of London, says—'When that great moor, which washeth Moorfields at the north wall of the city, is frozen over, great companies of young men go to sport upon the ice,' &c. After enumerating the various modes of sliding, he adds, 'Some are better practised to the ice, and bind to their shoes bones—as the leg-bones of beasts—and hold stakes in their hands, headed with sharp iron, which sometimes they strike against the ice; and those men go on with speed, as doth a bird in the air, or darts shot from some warlike engine!'

It is rare, indeed, that the antiquary discovers so distinct and unmistakable a reference not only to the character and uses of a chance-found relic, but to the exact locality in which it has lain unheeded for nearly seven centuries.

In Bishop Percy's 'Five Pieces of Runic Poetry,' translated from the Icelandic language,* more than one refer-

* London, 1763.

ence occurs to skating, as one among the most essential qualifications of a northern warrior. In 'Harold's Complaint' the hero thus enumerates his slighted worth:—'I know how to perform six exercises. I fight with courage, I keep a firm seat on horseback, I am skilled in swimming, I glide along the ice on skates, I excel in darting the lance, I am dexterous at the oar, and yet a Russian maid disdains me!'

In M. Mallet's 'Introduction à l'Histoire de Danemarck,' a quotation is made from the 24th table of the 'Edda,' in which the following allusion to skating occurs:—'Then the king asked what that young man could do who accompanied Thor! Thialfe answered, That in running upon skates he would dispute the prize with any of the countries. The king owned that the talent he spoke of was a very fine one,' &c.

But a still more definite description of the ancient skate than that already referred to occurs in Olaus Magnus's 'History of the Nations of the West.' He speaks of it as being made of iron, or of the shank-bone of a deer or sheep, about a foot long, filed down on one side, and greased with hog's lard to repel the wet.

Mr C. Roach Smith, on showing examples of these bone-skates to the eminent northern antiquary Herr Worsaae of Copenhagen, was informed by him that similar examples had been found in Holland, in Scandinavia, and particularly in the southern part of Sweden. He referred him also to a very curious passage in one of the old Scandinavian mythological songs, in which it is said that *Oller* or *Uller*, god of the winter, runs on bones of animals over the ice.

It cannot surprise us to find such early and varied evidences of the practice of skating on the ice among the northern races of Europe, nor of their use of a skate so readily supplied as one of the least-valued spoils of the chase. It seems indeed surprising that a skate so very simple and easily accessible should not still remain in use among our juvenile population, with whom the more refined and complicated modern instrument of steel is sometimes a matter not readily obtained.

No allusion occurs, that we are aware of, among early Scottish writers to a similar practice among the natives of our northern region, though it cannot be doubted that there also skating was one of the winter pastimes of our ancestry from a very early period. Gavin Douglas, in the prologue to the seventh book of the 'Æneid,' gives a most vigorous and picturesque description of the northern winter, in which he depicts both the aspect of nature and the influence of the season on man and beast; but no allusion occurs to such popular pastimes as those to which the earlier Scandinavian and Icelandic poets refer.

Most Scottish readers are familiar with Sir David Lindsay's lively satire on the obsequious courtiers of James V., which occurs in the 'Complaynt':—

'Ik man efter thair qualitie,
Thay did solist his majestie,
Sum gart him ravell at the rakkat,
Sum harrit him to the hurly-hakket,' &c.

The hurly-hakket, more correctly *hurly-haukie*, was a boy's game practised in James's time and later, on the slope of the Heading Hill, or ancient place of execution near Stirling Castle. Seated on the inverted bone of a cow's head, the youth descended this slope with thundering speed, to the wonder of quiet people, and his own no small delectation. On the Calton Hill near Edinburgh, the game was practised at the end of the last century with a horse's head; but the skull of the ruminant seems to have been the more normal vehicle, as the name *haukie* is simply the familiar appellation for a cow in Scotland.

It may readily be believed that as the bones of animals were among the early spoils of the chase, they would be adapted in a rude age to many uses for which the devices of modern ingenuity and civilisation have found other substitutes. Among the rude savages of the South Sea Islands, as well as among the Kamtchatkins and Esquimaux, the bones and horns of many animals are turned to account in the construction of their weapons

and implements; and we frequently find among the contents of early British tumuli, evidence that our own barbarian ancestry applied them to the same useful purposes.

It was not, however, for objects essentially useful only, but also for the instruments used in games of chance and skill, that the bones of animals were found applicable by our rude forefathers. In Herr Worsaae's comparison of the 'Antiquities of Ireland and Denmark,' in the third volume of the proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, he refers to ancient draftsman of bone, of a hemispherical shape, and with a hole in the flat bottom, which frequently occur in considerable quantities in Norwegian tumuli, and are also occasionally found in Ireland. They are believed to have formed the implements of gaming among the roving Norsemen, their form being designed to admit of their use on shipboard, so that they might not be liable to displacement by the rolling of the vessel.

Many allusions of our early dramatists also suffice to show that such games as nine-pins, loggats, skittles, and the like, were originally played with bones. The name of skittles is evidently derived, like the older term kayles, or kayle-pins, from the French *quille*, a pin. And to the latter game—of which Strutt gives an illustration, somewhat oddly derived from a missal of the fourteenth century—the more modern nine-pins are obviously traceable. Several of these games are enumerated in early English statutes against gaming, particularly in more than one of Henry VIII. And a game called *clash*, which appears to have been nearly identical with nine-pins, is specified in a similar statute so early as the reign of Edward IV.

'Loggats,' says Sir Thomas Hamner, one of the early editors of Shakspeare, 'is the ancient name of a play or game, which is one of the unlawful games enumerated in the 33d statute of Henry VIII.: it is the same which is now called kittle-pins, in which the boys often make use of bones instead of wooden pins, throwing at them with another bone instead of bowling.'

In a rare old play of Queen Elizabeth's reign, entitled 'The Longer thou Livest the more Fool thou Art,' a dunce is introduced, who boasts of his skill

'At skates, and the playing with a sheep's joyn'te.'

So, too, in the well-known scene with the gravedigger in Hamlet—

'That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. Here's fine revolution, an' we had the trick to see it. Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggats with them? Mine ache to think on't!'

These allusions place beyond doubt the use of bones in these popular games of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and so, too, we find a later dramatic writer of Charles II.'s reign, in a play called 'The Merry Milk-Maid of Islington,' making one of his characters address another thus—

'I'll cleave you from the skull to the twist, and make nine-skittles of thy bones!'

These latter illustrations may perhaps be considered as having a very slight connection with the subject of ancient bone-skates. They suffice, however, to show to how many uses, which have since been lost sight of, these waste articles of the chase and of the kitchen were applied in early, and even in comparatively recent times.

POPULAR MEDICAL ERRORS.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

Drawing Salves and Strengthening Plasters.—People entertain some curious notions as to the properties of salves. We continually hear them talk of drawing salves. It might be possible, no doubt, to trace some of the old doctrines of medical men in these sayings, when what was called the humoral pathology was in vogue. I seldom pass many days without hearing that a particular ointment draws too much, or not sufficiently. The least that can be said of it is, that the phraseology is not good, and altogether indefinite, for the greater part of those who employ it scarcely know precisely what they wish to express. As to strength-

ening plasters, I must confess my complete want of faith. To communicate strength by a pitch plaster is more easily said than done. I remember there was formerly a great cry for strengthening plasters at the Manchester Infirmary. Many old men and women would beg for them, as if a plaster was the greatest favour that could be conferred; and afterwards, when their plasters were worn out, they would endeavour, in the most ingenious way imaginable, to bring round the conversation to the subject of plasters, and end by requesting to have others, 'as the virtue,' they said, 'was gone out of the old ones.' It would be well if they could find any relief from their real ailments from such impotent means. As to what are called 'warming plasters,' more faith may be given to them, for these act more or less like blisters, being indeed composed of pitch plaster and blistering plaster, and to some extent, therefore, useful in cases where external irritants are necessary.

People Heavier after Death.—That a person weighs heavier when dead than when living, is one of the popular errors which one cannot well suppose to prevail amongst the better-informed part of society. The phrase *dead weight* has probably sprung up from this idea. Why a person should be heavier when he is dead is not very apparent, unless the principle of life is to be considered as one of levity, as phlogiston was supposed to be by the philosophers of a former day. The supporters of Stahl's celebrated doctrine of phlogiston believed that when a body was burnt, a principle, which they called *phlogiston*, escaped from it in the form of light and heat; but unfortunately for this view, it was found, when the products of combustion were carefully collected, that they weighed more than the body did previously. This would have been fatal to their doctrine, had not the idea been broached that phlogiston was a principle of levity, which, being removed, left the body heavier than before.

This was of course quite fallacious, and so would such an idea be with respect to life. One reason that a dead body is thought to be heavier than a living one is probably this, that in carrying a living person we have the centre of gravity adapted by the person carried to suit the convenience of the carrier, and maintained in a position as far as possible to fall within the base of his body. Again, the elasticity of the structures of the body, especially the cartilages, though not in reality diminishing the weight, gives an appearance of lightness, as we see in the beautiful movements of the stag, and this would seem to corroborate the notion of living creatures being lighter than dead ones. We have also phrases which would seem to imply that lightness was the concomitant of gentleness. How often we are admonished by the poets to tread lightly on the ashes of the dead!

Mother's Marks.—Of what are called 'mother's marks,' I may say a word or two. Everybody has heard of strawberries and cherries being represented on children's heads and backs, and people pretend that these appearances alter according to the season of the year, as the fruit may or may not be ripe. The question as to the origin of these marks appears at one time to have given rise to rather a warm controversy. A Dr Samuel Turner, in the eighteenth century, published a work on diseases of the skin, in which there was a dissertation on these congenital marks contained in the 12th chapter, and in which he attributed them to the influence of the mother's imagination. In answer to this part of the work, an anonymous publication appeared denouncing the idea as a vulgar error. However, Dr Turner discovered the work to be written by a Dr James Augustus Blondel, and looking upon the reply as a direct attack upon himself, republished his views in an appendix to another work which he was then bringing out. Dr Blondel was not, however, to be set down in this manner, and again controverted these opinions. Dr Turner now began to consider his reputation seriously at stake, and supported his views by references from Skenkious, Hildanus, Horstius, and others

who are fond of dealing in prodigies. Though it is evident that he had the worst of the discussion, the fourth edition of his work, which appeared in 1731, is said still to have contained the 12th chapter without alteration, and to be supported with a fierce-looking portrait of the author.

Proverbs.—There are two proverbial sayings which may be just alluded to, particularly as one of them has perhaps a somewhat injurious influence. We often hear people use the expression—'Stuff a cold, and starve a fever;' and many think this plan should be literally adopted, and proceed to act accordingly. I never properly understood the sense of the proverb until one of my professional friends explained to me that there was an ellipsis in the sentence, and that it should be understood as a brief way of saying, 'Stuff a cold, and you will have to starve a fever;' that is, if you do not refrain from generous living during a cold, ten to one you will set up a fever in which you will have to abstain altogether. This is certainly a more sensible reading of it. The next proverb is, 'That twilight is the blind man's holiday.' At first it would seem a ridiculous saying, because if want of light is to excuse us from work, a blind man must have a perpetual holiday.

The proverb no doubt relates to the well-known fact, that a man with a cataract can see better in the twilight. This is very easily explained; for in the softened light called twilight, the pupil of the eye expands, and as the diseased lens which intercepts the light is chiefly opaque in the centre, it follows that the rays of light are in some degree admitted when the pupil is fully dilated.

Bones Brittle in Winter.—Accidents frequently happen in winter-time from the slippery state of the roads; but there is a general belief that the bones are more brittle in winter than at another time. In frosty weather, it is a common remark made to domestics to be careful in cleaning the windows, as the glass is brittle; and this certainly is the case, and for an obvious reason. The outside of the window is exposed to the cold frosty air, whilst the inside is warmed by the heated air of the room; hence the two sides are expanded in different ratios, and a slight accident is sufficient to break the pane; just as hot water, put suddenly into a cold glass, may crack the vessel; especially if it be so thick that the heat is not readily transmitted through it. Well, then, probably the notion about the brittleness of the human bones in winter is derived from the fact I have mentioned; but the animal heat does not differ in cold weather, except indeed on the surface of the body. Nor would there otherwise be any analogy in the cases. That the bones of old people are more brittle than those of the young, is quite true; but this is of course altogether a different question.

Of the Lock-Jaw.—Many people entertain a very singular idea of the complaint called lock-jaw. It is, I think, often supposed that the disease consists alone in the forcible closure of the jaw, and that the patient, being unable to get sustenance, dies from inanition. Some of these people, who consider themselves a little more ingenious than their neighbours, will suggest to you the extraction of a tooth as a remedy, which, they think, may not have presented itself to others. In reality, the stiffened state of the muscles of the jaw is only a part of a general condition of spasm, the origin of which is ill understood, notwithstanding the great attention which has been devoted to the subject, and the ability which has been directed to it. The body is sometimes bent back like a bow in a most frightful manner, and the hands and feet dreadfully distorted. As the complaint first shows itself about the muscles of the jaw, it may have acquired the name from this circumstance. Some non-professional people mistake dislocation of the jaw for lock-jaw. When the jaw is dislocated, it remains widely open, and the patient is unable to shut his mouth. One laughable case is related of a person singing very

loudly at a concert, who suddenly became silent, and was found staring with his mouth wide open. At first people thought he was mad, but at length it was discovered that his jaw was dislocated.

Red Flannel.—The very name red flannel brings to me a thousand recollections of old women with mountains of bandages round their heads, or of swelled knees and joints carefully swathed like Egyptian mummies. It is really surprising to see the number of rolls which surround the heads of some of the aged and invalid poor. I have frequently endeavoured to effect their removal or diminution, but I always found I was touching on a sore point; and though I succeeded in some cases, I could evidently see there would be a struggle to return to the old red flannel as soon as my attendance was discontinued.

But the red flannel is not used merely for warmth: it is looked upon as a sort of remedy in itself. In the same way as you would apply a blister, or an ointment, or lotion, so you use the red flannel. But though the red flannel is so generally confided in by the poor, in this, as in many other instances, I have in vain sought from any of its supporters to obtain any precise idea of its *modus operandi*. The efficacy of red flannel must then be conceded, I suppose, as an ultimate fact, which must be granted, and not reasoned upon.

It would be altogether profane to ask whether the virtue depends on the coarseness of its texture, or upon its colour, or some properties imagined to reside in the dye. People do not say, shall I use coarse flannel? or shall I keep the part well wrapped up in many folds of flannel? but shall I use red flannel?

Mussels.—Mussels, it is well known, sometimes produce nettle-rash, and other unpleasant symptoms; so that it is common to say people are *musselled*. We often hear it stated that this depends upon a certain part of the mussel, and that when this part is taken out, there is no fear of bad effects arising. I cannot for my own part speak on this point, but I will simply quote what Dr Paris states. 'The mussel,' says he, 'is a species of bivalve, which is more solid, and equally as indigestible, as any animal of the same tribe. The common people consider them as poisonous, and in eating them, take out a part in which they suppose the poison principally to reside. This is a dark part, which is the heart, and is quite innocuous: the fact, however, is sufficient to prove that this species of bivalve has been known to kill, but not more frequently perhaps than any other indigestible substance.'

Galvanic Rings.—A little while back it was very much the custom to wear what were called galvanic rings for the relief of rheumatic and other pains. Even granting that these rings have a galvanic action, I do not myself see how they are to cure such complaints. Perhaps they are intended to act like charms. Formerly, rings were very much used to charm away diseases. Pettigrew tells us that Paracelsus had a ring made of a variety of metallic substances, which he called *electrum*. 'These rings were to remove cramp, palsy, apoplexy, epilepsy, or any pain. If put on during an epileptic fit, the complaint would be immediately cured.' Sometimes rings were formed from the hinges of a coffin. 'Andrew Boorde,' he continues, 'who lived in the reign of Henry VIII., says, "the kynges of Englande doth halowe every yere crampe rynges, which rynges worn on one's finger doth help them which hath the crampe."'

'In the Gentleman's Magazine for 1794, we are told that a silver ring, which is made of five sixpences, collected from five different bachelors, to be conveyed by the hand of a bachelor to a smith that is a bachelor, will cure fits. None of the persons who gave the sixpences are to know for what purpose, or to whom they gave them.'† Bachelors were not, however, the only contributors of these charms.

'The London Medical and Physical Journal for 1815 notices a charm successfully employed in the cure of epilepsy, after the failure of various medical means. It consisted in a silver ring, contributed by twelve young women, and was constantly worn on one of the patient's fingers.* It seems, then, that the practice of curing diseases by metallic rings is by no means new. A short time ago I attended a gentleman for a rheumatic complaint, who all the time wore one of these galvanic rings. I do not know whether he attributed his recovery to the ring or his medicine, or whether he divided the credit.

Heart.—There are some errors which are of an anatomical nature. There is a common misunderstanding as to the position of the heart, though it is common enough to talk of the heart being in the right place. People say the heart is on the left side; but in reality it inclines only a little to the left, being almost immediately behind the breast-bone or sternum, and is situated higher than I think is generally conceived by non-professional people. The breast-bone is the bone with which the ribs are articulated at the front of the chest, and immediately behind the breast-bone lies the heart, surrounded of course by its proper coverings. I have known people imagine the stomach to be immediately at the termination of the windpipe, because the feelings of indigestion are often referred to this point. In respect to the heart, the term ossification, applied to disease of the heart, is generally but imperfectly understood. There are people who think the heart is literally and completely changed into bone. A person would, however, die long before such a change could be brought about. There are, however, some very extraordinary cases related by Corvisart, Burns, Haller, and others, in which large portions of the heart were replaced by ossific deposits. In general, however, when ossification of the heart is spoken of, it is merely meant that the valves of the heart are impeded in their action by ossific deposits, and instead of falling in a manner to close the orifices over which they are situated, remain to a certain extent patulous.

Amongst this class of anatomical errors is that which we sometimes find people run into, of supposing that they have what they call a *narrow swallow*. Such people cannot take pills. The same people will swallow much larger bodies with ease. I have several times been called to children who have swallowed marbles and other large bodies, whilst the mothers have asserted that their throats were too narrow to admit the passage of pills. In these cases there seems a want of consent in the muscles of deglutition with those of the mouth and palate, and this must proceed from a mental feeling, sometimes difficult to overcome.

Inward Fits.—Nurses often speak of *inward fits*. When I first heard the phrase I was somewhat puzzled with it. There is something terrible in fits, but still more terrible in supposing that they are going on in the interior without any external manifestation. The truth is, these inward fits (*quasi fits*) are no more inward than any other fits, and scarcely to be dignified by the term fits. I conceive that the expression is applied to those little nervous twitchings which we occasionally see during sleep. An infant will have its mouth drawn up into a sort of smile, and the eyelids will be scarcely properly closed.† The nurses will shake their head, and tell the anxious parent that it is suffering from inward fits. I do not like the term, for I think it is calculated to produce a sort of alarm which is not always justified by the case.

Means of Preventing Contagion.—I think it is often supposed that medical men are in the habit of carrying about them some drug which has a protective influence against the operation of contagion. If this were the case, it would be very proper that it should be made generally known. I remember, when I was very young,

* Paris on Diet, p. 163. 1836.

† Op. Cit. p. 62.

† Op. Cit. p. 67.

* Pettigrew, p. 62.

† Burns's Practice of Midwifery, p. 796. 1836.

having a little bag of camphor stitched in my dress, to prevent fever during the time that it was prevalent. Some people will suppose that smoking is desirable. I have known ladies put lavender in their handkerchiefs if they thought they were going to run any risk. Most of the remedies used are of this class—namely, such as have a powerful odour. The celebrated Hahnemann, the author of the homoeopathic doctrines, thought that belladonna had a protective influence against the scarlet fever. It was, however, to be given internally, of course in a very small dose—three grains dissolved in an ounce of distilled water, of which three drops were to be administered twice daily to a child under twelve months. The homoeopaths assert that if it does not prevent the disease, it renders it mild.

The plan of carrying camphor bags reminds one of the old amulets and charms to which we have already given attention. I mentioned the importance of rings. In the Harleian manuscripts (according to Pettigrew, p. 67), is a letter from Lord Chancellor Hatton to Sir Thomas Smith, written at the time of an alarming epidemic. He writes thus:—'I am likewise bold to recommend my most humble duty to our dear mistress (Queen Elizabeth), by this letter and ring, which hath the virtue to expel infectious airs. . . . I trust, sir, when the virtue is known, it shall not be refused for its value.' Perhaps some one may bring out cholera rings—I dare say people would be found to buy them. The more ridiculous a remedy is, the better it often takes. However, medical men do not attach importance to these portable remedies, at least such as operate merely in giving out an odour without exercising any chemical influence on the atmosphere. I am not now alluding to such as chloride of lime, which is to be kept in the house. The subject of the prevention of contagion is much too vast and important to admit of cursory remark, and I shall content myself, therefore, with denying that medical men are in the habit of carrying about their persons remedies to prevent contagion.

Of Bile.—Just as I stated that the public use the word *scoury* as a general term for diseases of the skin, so it is common to use the epithet *bilious* for a number of distinct affections. A person is in the habit of putting his stomach out of order, and declaring that he is very bilious; or another shall lay the flattering unction to his soul that some serious structural disease is all attributable to the bile. There is one common mistake made in respect to vomiting *bile*. Whenever bile is found in the ejected matter, it is at once concluded that it was owing to a redundancy of bile that the sickness was created. This is, however, in most cases an error, for the bile is brought into the stomach from the first bowel (the duodenum) by the straining efforts of the patient, which cause a reflux or regurgitation of the bile in opposition to its natural route. Thus nothing is more common than to find bile ejected from the stomach in sea-sickness, even when the sufferer set out on his voyage in the full enjoyment of health.

Whilst engaged in writing out these brief memoranda of medical errors, I stumbled on a book on the subject, written by a Dr Jones, dated 1797, in which he places in the category of popular errors some which one would scarcely expect to meet with in such a connection. Thus he considers it as one of the errors to be refuted, 'that a physician just called to a patient ought, as soon as he comes down stairs, to inform the family of the name of the distemper.' Most medical men will agree with him that this is certainly an egregious error.

He also alludes to the absurdity of asking a physician questions at a dinner-table, which it is impossible for him to answer without a careful inquiry into the case of the querist. I shall not now, however, trespass longer on the attention of the reader, but conclude by again reminding him that if I have been led to mention many things of a very commonplace kind, I have been obliged to do so by the nature of the subject; and in respect to the style or manner in which this has been done, it appeared to me that common things would

be best described in common and familiar language, and colloquial phrases would best embody the ideas with which they are generally connected.

THE SEVEN-SHILLING PIECE;

AN ANECDOTE.

It was during the panic of 1826 that a gentleman, whom we shall call Mr Thompson, was seated with something of a melancholy look in his dreary back-room, watching his clerks paying away thousands of pounds hourly. Thompson was a banker of excellent credit; there existed perhaps in the city of London no safer concern than that of Messrs Thompson and Co.; but at a moment such as I speak of, no rational reflection was admitted, no former stability was looked to; a general distrust was felt, and every one rushed to his banker's to withdraw his hoard, fearful that the next instant would be too late, forgetting entirely that this step was that of all others the most likely to insure the ruin he sought to avoid.

But to return. The wealthy citizen sat gloomily watching the outpouring of his gold, and with a grim smile listening to the clamorous demands on his cashier; for although he felt perfectly easy and secure as to the ultimate strength of his resources, yet he could not repress a feeling of bitterness as he saw constituent after constituent rush in, and those whom he fondly imagined to be his dearest friends eagerly assisting in the run upon his strong-box.

Presently the door opened, and a stranger was ushered in, who, after gazing for a moment at the bewildered banker, coolly drew a chair, and abruptly addressed him. 'You will pardon me, sir, for asking a strange question; but I am a plain man, and like to come straight to the point.'

'Well, sir?' impatiently interrupted the other.

'I have heard that you have a run on your bank, sir.'

'Well?'

'Is it true?'

'Really, sir, I must decline replying to your very extraordinary query. If, however, you have any money in the bank, you had better at once draw it out, and so satisfy yourself: our cashier will instantly pay you,' and the banker rose, as a hint for the stranger to withdraw.

'Far from it, sir: I have not one sixpence in your hands.'

'Then may I ask what is your business here?'

'I wished to know if a small sum would aid you at this moment?'

'Why do you ask the question?'

'Because if it would, I should gladly pay in a small deposit.'

The money-dealer stared.

'You seem surprised: you don't know my person or my motive. I'll at once explain. Do you recollect some twenty years ago when you resided in Essex?'

'Perfectly.'

'Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike-gate through which you passed daily? My father kept that gate, and was often honoured by a few minutes' chat with you. One Christmas morning my father was sick, and I attended the toll-bar. On that day you passed through, and I opened the gate for you. Do you recollect it, sir?'

'Not I, my friend.'

'No, sir; few such men remember their kind deeds, but those who are benefited by them seldom forget them. I am perhaps prolix: listen, however, only a few moments, and I have done.'

The banker began to feel interested, and at once assented.

'Well, sir, as I said before, I threw open the gate for you, and as I considered myself in duty bound, I wished you a happy Christmas. "Thank you, my lad," replied you—"thank you; and the same to you: here is a trifle to make it so;" and you threw me a seven-

shilling piece. It was the first money I ever possessed; and never shall I forget my joy on receiving it, or your kind smile in bestowing it. I long treasured it, and as I grew up, added a little to it, till I was able to rent a toll myself. You left that part of the country, and I lost sight of you. Yearly, however, I have been getting on; your present brought good fortune with it: I am now comparatively rich, and to you I consider I owe all. So this morning, hearing accidentally that there was a run on your bank, I collected all my capital, and have brought it to lodge with you, in case it can be of any use: here it is, sir—here it is; and he handed a bundle of bank-notes to the agitated Thompson. 'In a few days I'll call again;' and snatching up his hat, the stranger, throwing down his card, walked out of the room.

Thompson undid the roll: it contained £30,000! The stern-hearted banker—for all bankers must be stern—burst into tears. The firm did not require this prop; but the motive was so noble, that even a millionaire sobbed—he could not help it. The firm is still one of the first in London.

The £30,000 of the turnpike-boy is now grown into some £200,000. Fortune has well disposed of her gifts.

SNODGRASS THE INVENTOR.

THE decease of a generally little known, but useful inventor, Neil Snodgrass, is noticed by the 'Glasgow Citizen' newspaper. This ingenious man, who has just died in his seventy-third year, appears to have begun his inventive career by applying steam to the purpose of heating public works, &c. Mr Snodgrass was also the inventor of the 'Seutcher,' or blowing machine, commonly called in cotton-mills the 'Devil,' by which an important saving in the raw material is effected, while the cotton is prepared in a much more uniform manner than could possibly be done by the hands. It is, however, in connection with the steam-engine that the name of Mr Neil Snodgrass chiefly deserves to live. Notwithstanding Watt's grand invention of the separate condenser, and the completion of his numerous other improvements, a mighty defect still existed at the very heart of the machine. How to render the piston of the steam-engine perfectly steam-tight, and yet capable of moving in the cylinder without enormous friction, was, in the early history of the invention, felt to be an insuperable difficulty. This difficulty would have been considerably lessened had it been possible to construct a perfectly true cylinder; but as no skill in workmanship could secure this necessary height of perfection, the only alternative remaining was to render the periphery of the piston elastic, so as to adapt itself to the inequalities of the surface against which it was to slide. To effect this object, the piston was constructed with an upper and lower flange, between which a mass of hemp was wound, which it was necessary to renew and tighten at frequent intervals, and to keep at all times profusely saturated with grease. In order to provide a substitute for this primitive and clumsy process, Mr Snodgrass passed many a night of anxious thought. Having in 1818, with the assistance of a number of master spinners who had profited by his inventions, built a mill of his own at Mile End, Glasgow, he commenced in 1823 to make experiments in packing the piston on an entirely new plan, and in 1824 his splendid invention of metallic packings was given gratuitously to the public. These packings consisted of segments of metal acted upon by springs pushed outward from the centre, and thus adapting themselves to the inequalities of surface unavoidable in the cylinder. This novel and beautiful invention of an elastic metal piston shared for a time the fate of many discoveries destined to revolutionise the world. It was ridiculed and discredited. After encountering some opposition, Mr Snodgrass prevailed upon the late Dr Stevenson to allow the experiment of the metallic packing to be tried in the Caledonian steamer, which was most successful. From that day up to the present time no other description of piston has been constructed. Its value is altogether incalculable. It is supposed that in the Clyde alone the saving it has effected in the mere article of tallow amounts to not less than £20,000 per annum. The importance of the invention has been prodigiously increased by the introduction of the railway system, as the old pistons would have been totally inapplicable to the locomotive. Beyond the barren fame of the invention—

and not always did he receive even that—his sole profit, if we except the premium that was awarded to him in 1825 by the Glasgow town council, from Coulter's mortification, consisted in his being employed to manufacture some fifty metallic packings at the rate of 5s. per inch of the diameter of the respective pistons. In the course of his long and laborious life he introduced a variety of minor improvements in machinery, many of which continue, we understand, in general use. Among these we may mention a new application of the Mendoza pulley and wheel for leading out the mule-spinning carriage; a new plan of skeleton bars for furnaces; and an apparatus for the prevention of smoke on the Argand principle. Mr Snodgrass also claimed to have anticipated Mr Dyer of Manchester by two or three years in the present arrangement of the tube roving frames, for which the latter obtained a patent by which he is said to have cleared £50,000.

SONNET—RASH OPINIONS.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

We judge too rashly both of men and things,
Giving to-day's opinions on the morrow
Utter denial, while we strive to borrow
Hollow apologies that—like the wings
Of butterflies—show many colours. Sorrow
Hideth its tears, and we disclaim its presence
Where it hath deepest root; Hate softly brings
A smile, which we account Love's sweetest essence;
Simplicity seems Art; and Art we deem
White-hearted Innocence—misjudging ever
Of all we see! Let us, then, grant esteem,
Or grudge it with precaution only; never
Forgetting that rash haste right judgment mars:
What men count but as clouds may prove bright stars!*

* Earl Rose's telescope proves that what were deemed nebulae, are in reality clusters of stars.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

In a certain town, a miserable wretch was lately brought before the magistrates charged with having cruelly beaten his jackass. The evidences for the prosecution were a gentleman and two gamekeepers. The gentleman saw the prisoner bent his jackass cruelly, and the two gamekeepers corroborated the fact. 'Now, man,' said the presiding magistrate, 'what have you to say for yourself?' 'Why, please your honour, I was in a hurry; the ass would not go, so I beat him; that's all, and he's used to it.' The magistrates were shocked: one of them made a touching speech on the cruelty and cowardice of ill-using poor dumb creatures—and the culprit was fined the full penalty. A gentleman then said to the man who had been fined, 'Why, John, I thought you had something to say touching cruelty to poor dumb animals?' 'Oh, sir, you means about them gins or steel traps; well, if I shall not get into harm by offending the bench, I will tell what I saw the same morning I was coteched wallopping my donkey. I was in—wood, picking up a few sticks; 'twas just daylight; when I heard something cry and squeal; and I went up to the place not fur from the higher hedge of the wood, and saw a rabbit caught by the leg in a gin; a few yards further was a pheasant; and a little further a fox, which was trying to bite his own leg off, all caught in gins, and all alive: just at the moment I heard voices, and hid myself. When they two gamekeepers came up, one said, "Poorish luck to-night, only ten rabbits and four pheasants; but here is another rabbit and a pheasant." They then saw the fox: "We must bury that," says one to the other, "or there will be a row about it." They then knocked the fox on the head, bagged the rabbits, and pocketed the pheasants, and whilst they were earthing the fox, I stole away to my Noddy.' 'Now, gentlemen,' exclaimed the advocate, 'this is a strong case of cruelty, so many poor innocent creatures made to suffer torture so many hours. Gentlemen, ye have fined, and justly too, you poor fellow for cruelty, now punish those two gamekeepers with severity for acts of most atrocious and barbarous cruelty.' The magistrates hem'd and haw'd, consulted among themselves, said there was no precedent, and left the hall.—*Plymouth Herald*.

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